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MAJOR DEAKYNE MAKES AN UNFAVORABLE REPORT ON RIVER

No Improvement Work Is Recommended on the Missouri This Season.

Says the Kansas City Project Has Not Proven a Success in Any Respect.

There will be no systematic improvement of the Missouri river from Kansas City to Omaha this season at least.

That is the recommendation that Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Deakyne, chief of the corps of United States engineers for the Missouri river, has made to the war department, and as his recommendation generally goes, the matter is as good as settled. The improvement is what Congressman Hoover has been urging since he has been in office and which Senators Stone and Reed have given all possible assistance and endorsement.

Col. Deakyne's report was transmitted to Washington on Thursday from his office in Kansas City, and is an elaborate exposition of the result of his examinations. It is understood, of course, that the work to which Col. Deakyne refers, has no connection with the proposed work to be done mainly by the Lake Contract river banks and the government at Glandorf.

Some Little Satisfaction

Despite the fact that the improvement is turned down, there is some little satisfaction to be obtained from the report of Col. Deakyne in that he pictures and details the much-needed and continually rising Kansas City boomers of the great success of the Kansas City boat line. Kansas City managed to work through a measure, giving \$2,000,000 annually for the improvement of the river between St. Louis and Kansas City, and since it was secured they have lost an opportunity to sing the praises of what it has accomplished, but the Deakyne report smashes that wild and fantastic story.

In a letter received here yesterday Col. Deakyne gives his reasons for the adverse report and also offers a ready to those who will not be satisfied with his findings. He says:

BOUGHT HILL A HORSE.

BIG RAINS BECOMING SERIOUS

Judge Spencer Takes Care of the Dales of the Great Northern Railway Head

Judge O. M. Spencer, general counsel of the Burlington, is never happy only when he is doing something—generally for others, but he never neglects the great corporation of which he is a part—and therefore it will not be at all surprising to his friends to read that he has just done something to please Jim Hill, the great head and master mind of the Great Northern railway system. Hill is now seventy-seven years of age and has decided to take up horseback riding for recreation and exercise.

Judge Spencer, while in Jefferson City this week attending to court matters, on receipt of a wire from Mr. Hill to the effect that he wanted a Missouri saddle horse for his judicial use, bought from James Martin of Jefferson City, Anderson's stable, a fine sorrel horse, and shipped him by express that afternoon to Paul.

KANSAS CITY'S USUAL TACTICS

At Hebron, Nebraska, on Monday over thousand people gathered to dedicate a marble shaft which marks the old Oregon trail. It was a gala occasion and there was much oratory and jubilation. Of course Kansas City, which claims everything on wheels and off of wheels, was in on the ground floor, and the monument shows the fierce handwork of these bold claimants. They had inserted on the face of the shaft the assertion that the trail started from Kansas City, and that the overland stage route started from the city at the Kaw's mouth—when the whole world knows that all of the routes had their starting point at St. Joseph, Missouri, United States of America.

THAT BOY FROM MISSOURI

He Made Good at Chicago as All Boys From This Great State Do When They Try

All boys as well as men who hail from Missouri make good. They can show the goods—and they do. The latest story of a Missouri boy who made good comes from Chicago, where the youth walked into the office of the Postal Telegraph company and asked for a job. He said his name was "Missouri."

The manager happened to want a messenger boy just at that moment and gave him a message that had to be delivered in a hurry.

"Here's your chance, my boy," said the manager, "these people have been kicking about undelivered messages. Now don't come back until you have delivered it."

A little while afterward the telephone rang. On the other end of the wire there appeared to be a building watchman, somewhat terrified.

"Have you got a boy they call 'Missouri'?" inquired the watchman.

"We did have ten minutes ago," replied the manager.

The watchman continued:

That "Missouri" fellow came over here and said he had to go to one of

the offices. We don't allow no one up at that office at this hour and I told him he couldn't go."

"Yes, yes," said the manager.

"Well," said the watchman, "he said he would go, and I had to pull my gun on him."

"But you didn't shoot him?" exclaimed the manager.

"No," merrily crooked the response over the wire, "but I want my gun back."

HOPE ITALIANS WILL GO

I see that the Italian government has called for all of the Italian reservists in this country to get ready to join the colors and fight across the water," said one of the best known Italian street merchants yesterday. "I hope that is true," he continued, "and that we will lose our entire St. Joseph contingent. Now if the Greeks will but step into the war and call all of their care out of St. Joseph, this city will feel not only the moral but financial benefit. Our American working men who cannot exist on starvation wages and spaghetti would then have a chance."

Al. Munsey For County Assessor.



ALBERT B. MUNSEY.

This is a fair likeness of Albert B. in his present business here. He has an intimate acquaintance with nearly every business and professional man in this city and enjoys their respect and esteem.

Of course he is a Democrat and of the right sort. That entire question can be disposed of by saying that he is a former Platte county and his dominoes is of that time-tried-and-testied species.

And Al Munsey is a business man with a business education, one who thoroughly understands figures and the intricacies of bookkeeping and the value of values. He will make a model official.

HE WAS POPULAR

The Highest Tribute That a Kentuckian Could Pay to a Deceased Resident.

Postoffice Inspector W. H. Jones, now stationed in the St. Joseph division, prior to coming here was located in the Cincinnati division and much of his work was in Kentucky. One night last summer he stopped at the only hotel in a Kentucky back country town. After supper he joined the usual crowd of loungers on the porch. The sole topic of discussion seemed to be a citizen who had been buried the day before. At last Jones, becoming interested, asked:

"Was the deceased popular?"

"Was he?" echoed the chief speaker. "Was he?" Stranger, every dog's tail in town stopped wagging for five minutes while the funeral passed."

Too True.

Fears exist that Japan is preparing to renew the regalia of the Chinese that they ever—burned gunpowder.

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MISERY AND WANT AT BERRY TOWNS

OLD MEN AND YOUNG CHILDREN HURT BY THE EXCESSIVE DOWNPOUR

CAME THERE WITH HOPES OF A PROSPEROUS SEASON

There is Much of Joy in Being a Berry Picking in the Proper Season and Under Favorable Conditions. But the Situation as It Now Develops at Troy and Wathena Discloses That Hundreds of People Have Found It the Other Way and Are Suffering in Consequence.

"You often read of the joys of berry picking time," remarked Commercial Agent Alex Aiken of the Rock Island yesterday, as he looked through the windows of his birth and Edmund office and could hardly read the Greek text stand sign directly across the street on account of the sheets of rain. "But those poor devils over at Troy and Wathena are now realizing what are not the joys of the season," he continued.

I had never known how much berries can be compressed in such a small area, as conditions outside of the densely populated districts of a great city, until the last few days. Of course in a city crowded and congested with a diversified population and the major portion dependent on their daily labor, we look for much distress and poverty, but not in an urban community where it is generally supposed that there can be no such thing as want and suffering.

I have been in Wathena and Troy several times this week looking after my interests, and I want to tell you that the situation there caused by the extremely heavy rains of the past fortnight has caused a condition such as I have never before seen and hope never to see again.

Walking in Mud.

Of course you will hardly believe it, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and you can easily establish the truth of what I say by spending the forty-eight hours which it costs to ride to Wathena and back. The Wathena and Troy neighborhoods in the vicinity of the berry farms is crowded with people of two extremes, the very old and the very young, called there for the berry picking season and almost all of them are in want and are suffering. This is not due to the fact that there is no work for them to perform, but is due to the reason that they cannot perform the labor and earn the money to provide for their wants simply from the fact that the weather conditions are such that they are kept out of the berry fields, which are nothing but what I might call job piles—they can not get into the field and again if they did they could not harvest the berries which owing to the weather conditions are so soft that they can not be handled.

Hundreds Are in Want.

The excessive rains have made the berry fields seas of mud. The rain has also softened the berries so that it is impossible to handle them and send them to the market in purchasable condition. As a result of these conditions the owners of the berry farms realize that if they try to handle the crop it will be at loss of crop and labor, and they are therefore not adding to their already great loss by trying to pick the fruit.

Hundreds of people have been attracted there to harvest the crop. They are all old men and women or young children, people who could not do any other sort of work—and they come without adequate preparation for such a contingency. They did not come with money with which to provide for their present necessities, and as a result they are in deep distress and abject woe. When I was at Wathena today I saw old men—men past seventy—and plenty of them—old women—women who had raised families so long ago that the date of their youngest born's birthday was forgotten, standing in the poor shelter of box cars, sitting in the mud under the cars, standing under the little shelter that the projecting rooms of the depot afforded, crowded into abandoned houses, standing under leaking tents, their poor garments dripping with the rain and suffering—a misery worse than congealed human misery.

"And there were the children—the little sons and daughters of poor families who had come to the place where it was hoped to get work for all—they were there in plenteous number, thus shivering, suffering mothers and fathers were without the means to provide them with needed food. I saw family after family in box cars and under miserable excuses for tents, keeping up a miserable existence on the barest of necessities—for instance, a can of beans to a family of seven.

The Producers Not to Blame.

It is not the fault of the producers that this condition exists. They have done all that they could, and are doing so every day. They are providing for the unfortunate to the best of their ability, and it is their help that is keeping these unfortunate alive. The producers need the help—or would have needed it if the ordinary season had prevailed—but they can not control the elements and the fact that these people go there rightly expecting work during the season, and were disappointed, is no fault of the berry farmers. They are the great sufferers from a financial standpoint and many of them will face financial ruin through the failure of their source of revenue, but instead of complaining they are philosophically packing their bags and helping all in their power those unfortunate who go there to help them to make the money which they will not get.

The same condition exists in the Troy berry district, which I have also visited and I am told that it applies all along the Missouri berry farm districts. The way it looks to me, there will be many thousands of dollars lost by the producers, and hundreds of willing workers are suffering from the great amount of "wasteness" that we are now experiencing with.

IT SOUNDED DANGEROUS

The Colored Man Could Not See the Fun in Tuna Fishing in a Flimsy Motor Boat.

Congressman Hoover says that while in the cloakroom in the capitol just prior to the adjournment this spring, a California congressman was discussing to a group of fellow members on the sport of fishing for tuna off the Pacific coast.

"We go out in small motor boats," said the representative, "and fish with a long line baited with flying fish. Anything less than a hundred pound tuna isn't considered good sport."

Just then a colored messenger, who had been listening, stepped up.

"Sense me,感知," said he, wide-eyed, "but did I understand ye to say dat you went fishin' for hundred pound fish in a little motor boat?"

"Yes," said the congressman, with a smile. "We go out frequently."

"But," cried the darky, "ain't you feared ye might catch one?"

Dr. Spencer on His Leaf Watch.

I hope the man who took my watch. Whoever stooped so low, Will miss more trains than I have missed.

Because the thing was slow!

CUSTER POST INVITES CHAMP CLARK

It is possible that the people of St. Joseph may have the pleasure of having that great son of Missouri, Speaker of the House on Flag Day, June 14. At a meeting of Custer Post No. 1, G. A. R., Thursday, an invitation was wired to the distinguished Missourian at his home in Bowling Green, inviting him to be the orator of the day at the unveiling of the monument erected to the soldiers and sailors of the United States who lie buried in Ashland cemetery. The invitation was telegraphed by Commanders Samuel Sharp and Adjutant John Barnes, and an answer is expected in the near future.

THE RELATION OF EUROPEAN RULERS

Many people are in doubt since the European war has brought the question to the forefront as to the relationship of the three great rulers who are most prominently connected with the great strife. For the benefit of those who want to know, for their information it is stated that the emperor of Germany is the cousin of King George of England. The king and the emperor of Germany are not related. The emperor of Austria is not related to the king, czar or Kaiser.

The Notice of Waldron's Marshal.

Notice—I have been instructed by village council to enforce the ordinances against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk.—Village Marshal.